

# AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

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WHOLE No. 75.

## Do Spirits hold Intercourse with their Mortal Friends?

This question is now too well settled in the affirmative, to be made a subject of serious disquisition; nor do we propound it for the sake of making it the subject of an argument. We know that all those who have investigated the subject, must answer in the affirmative; and we know that all those who have not investigated it, but who have intelligent and truthful friends who have done so, will refrain from positive denials and denunciations of the truth of the proposition, for fear it may prove to be true. Such ones will reason rightly, that their friends who have investigated and become convinced of the truth of the philosophy, have minds as capable as their own, and that, inasmuch as the mind which has investigated—all other things being equal—is greatly better qualified to judge, than the one which has not, it would be the height of arrogance in them, to take a decided and determined negative position; and, therefore, men and women who have mind, are not now found among the rabid denouncers, who condemn without a trial, and denounce with the voice of ignorance and prejudice.

It is now known that there are not less than four millions of human minds in the United States, who are convinced of the truth of the proposition that the spirits of departed men, women and children, do revisit the scenes of their earth-life, mingle with their surviving friends, and embrace all opportunities to converse with them in various ways. It is also known that, among this great number of our countrymen and country women, are comprised many, very many, of the most profound minds of the age in which we live. This being a fact too well and too generally known to be disputed, is it not the part of wisdom and decency, in those who have not taken the trouble to investigate, to refrain from sweeping denunciations, till they have brought their own perceptive faculties to bear on the subject? At the least, is it not the part of prudent forecast, as well as respectful courtesy and decency of deportment, to abstain from making the subject of spiritual communications and manifestations the theme of ribaldry and the butt of mockery? If spiritualism be true, as four millions of American citizens, embracing a large moiety of the greatest minds of the country, believe it is, can there be any thing more sacred than the angelic intercourse which is its most prominent characteristic?

Think of these questions, reflective reader, and when you have answered them as we know you must answer them, look around among the classes of persons which make up the aggregate of community, and see who should be most chary of entertaining or indulging a propensity to cast reproach upon, and ridicule with coarse and heartless burlesque the *post mortem* solicitude of a father—the never dying but ever increasing love of an angel mother—the sweetly breathing affections of a seraph sister—the thrice hallowed evidences of that still existing and still strengthening conjugal affinity, whose clasping tendrils death itself could not tear loose. We say, look about and see who should be most cautious to avoid the least appearance of a disposition to ridicule and burlesque things as sacred as these.

Well, you have looked about and considered, and we see, in your mind, the result of your examinations and reflections. You have most righteously concluded that the class of persons to whom is entrusted the most important of all duties—the formation of youthful minds—the fashioning and cultivation of young souls—the bent, direction, and stimulation of incarnate spirits, in their incipient stage of existence.—You believe, and so do we, that those who thus have the charge of

young humanity, should refrain, at least in the presence of those young minds, from all manifestations of that most hateful spirit of bigotry and intolerance, which renders demoniacal the soul that harbors it, and which spits and tramples upon things most sacred and holy, in the estimation of others, because they are distasteful to themselves, or to a majority of those from whom they derive their means of subsistence.

School-teachers are of this class. To their care and tutelage are committed the minds of children—the souls of young humanity; and it would seem to be the most important of all the duties devolving on them, to preserve those young minds from that cankering, warping and distorting prejudice, which looks with a scorning eye and a vengeful spirit upon every newly developed philosophy, which in aught clashes with old theological systems. Of all places, the schools in which children are instructed in the various branches of useful education, should be the most exempt from all influences calculated to prejudice young minds in favor of, or against, any religious faith held by any portion of the community who have common property in such institutions. Least of all should teachers favor the holding up to contempt and ridicule, by pupils under their charge, any religious faith or doctrine embraced and cherished by any portion of the community whose paid servants they are.

In the city of Buffalo there are some thousands of people who have embraced the spiritual philosophy as a living and eternal truth. They have become convinced of its truth by actual and palpable visitations and communications of the angels of God. They have been convinced of the immortality of their own spirits, by having been made conscious of the presence of spirit friends whose mortal forms they long since followed to their graves. They have been convinced that the spirits of those friends were present with them, by having the knowledge of facts communicated to them, which none but those departed friends could have been in possession of. They have been convinced of the presence of those departed spirits, by having their own interior visions opened, so that they could see them as plainly as they could when they were in their physical forms, and by having them minutely described by clairvoyants, when their own spirit visions are not developed.

This, then, is a religion, not of faith, but of positive knowledge. Is it, then, contemptible and worthy of nought but scorn and ridicule? So, it seems it is estimated by at least one of our public school teachers; and he has ventured to manifest his contempt for it by getting up a disgraceful burlesque upon it, and having it enacted by his pupils, in a public exhibition. Thus he has sought to bring contempt and odium upon the religion of a large portion of those citizens whose children are committed to his charge as teacher. And thus he attempts to prejudice the minds of those children against the cherished religion of their fathers and mothers, who send them to him to be instructed in those branches of education, which are necessary to their qualification to become business men and accomplished women, when their turn shall come to take upon themselves the duties of the acting generation. It was not to be taught any tenets of religious faith, that those parents, or any parents, send their children to the public schools, nor to unlearn any system of religion by having it held up to public contempt in their presence.

Justice to the other teachers, requires that we should name the particular teacher who has done this thing; and when we tell our readers that it was done by Mr. SACKETT, Principal of No. 4, they will understand that it is not any one of the other teachers. And we do very



much regret that it has become our duty to point to him and say that he has perpetrated this foolish act; for we have been pleased to learn, that, aside from such manifestations of a disposition to cater to the morbid appetites of intolerant religious bigotry, he has proved himself a capable and acceptable teacher.

In conclusion, let it be understood that we thus notice this unworthy and ungenerous act, merely on account of the principle involved, and not for any injury which such puerile and pitiful attempts at public ridicule, can inflict upon the cause of spiritualism. The thing, in itself, was too far beneath criticism, as a literary production, to merit even the expression of contempt.

#### Another Message from Capt. Titus.

According to a promise, made by this spirit, to Capt. WALKER, he has again addressed him, this time through the mediumship of Doctor VAN VLECK, who is not at all conversant with nautical phraseology:

MY FRIEND:—Like the mariner in a tropical clime, who hails from the frigid zone, who would fain make the former his home, yet longs to return to the land where left be his friends, so do I return to earth, from a pleasant land and a pleasant voyage, to tell of the wonders I have seen abroad. But, like some poor mariner, absent long from home, who, returning, changed in manner and appearance, is not recognized, though hard he strives to make his identity known, but is not believed, and is, like a vagabond debarred the privilege of familiarly associating with his former friends; so also return I to my own earthly home and friends.

To my former companion—my wife—I would speak a word of hope and revive my old recollections; but, mariner-like, I cannot stay long in port: I must cruise again, directing my course to where more pleasant scenes delight the gaze, and where associations are more congenial to me. I have braved many a storm, and would like to give the young cruiser on life's ocean the benefit of my experience. Tempestuous is life's ocean; and were it not, the human soul which loves change or variety so well, would tire of calm—would unhappily glide over the smooth waters. But when the storm comes and the soul is severely tried, the calm succeeding, is more exquisitely enjoyed.

To the inhabitants of earth, I would say: So trim and man your bark, that it can bear up under the fiercest gale of adversity. The storm-clouds which now overcast your sky, will, after a short time, be dispersed, and the light of eternal truth, which maketh happy and free the human soul, will irradiate your course, in the broad ocean of immensity. Despise not small things; for the little cloud, apparently not larger than your hand, grows to an overshadowing size, from which issues the forked lightning, and the reverberating thunder, and the drenching storm of rain, accompanying which, also, is often the devastating hurricane; all which, in a short time, spend their force, and there is again a calm. And thus it is with the trifling affairs of earth-life. Matters of seemingly little moment, rapidly increase in importance, till a race is overwhelmed with woe; or, may-be the opposite, and a weight of grief or woe removed, and joy succeed the sway of that which had its birth, or made its appearance, a short time before.

The mariner [upon the Atlantic, without chart or compass, is guided by the glimmering light of the North star. And when man, freighted with love and hope, is cast upon the shoals of disappointment, shivering to atoms what was his dependence; his self-sufficiency gone, there beams upon him a light, which, like that of the North star, will be a guide by which he may extricate himself. Finding his own power insufficient, his receptivity becomes greater; and there is that which will go before him, and guide him to a haven of peace, if he will humbly follow.

If I am not very precise in speech, it will be reconcilable to your ideas in respect to me.

You have seen the earth foggy, even when the Sun shone. The Sun, however, soon disperses it. But, as I approach your earth, the fog surrounding it seems very thick. Every thing appertaining to it is

foggy, or befogged; and it is so dense that my vision, though acute cannot always penetrate it. I approach the locality, once my home; but a mist envelops it; and it is only by going hither and thither, ever liable to run afoul of prejudice, that I find obscured in the mistiest place, those who were formerly my associates. The mist does not recede at my approach.

I long to speak words of consolation; but the ears I would have catch the words, are closed. In the hold are treasures; but they need, for perfection, to be brought forth to, and reflect, the effulgent light of the Sun. Dark and turbid are the waters around—no pilot who knows the rocks and shoals—thus all being liable to sink to where the waters are too dark and deep for angels to dive. Thus will they be obliged to remain, should such occur, till volcanic convulsions and truth's bright rays, disperse and dry up the waters, and the eye of wisdom search them out and elevate them above the fierce throes of earth.

The earth is like to a great steam ship: it bath its propelling power, its engines, its engineers, captain, pilots and mates, its stewards, cabin-boys and waiters, chief-cook and pantry-men, porters and deck-hands. Noiseless is its course in the ocean of immensity; and it leaves no wake behind. All its various departments are under the supervision of One, whose under-men do not always, without murmuring, submit to His will. The voyage of earth dates from no time, and will end no where. All the danger to the crew, results from mutiny on board; each liking not the others; each seeking to rule. There is a beaten channel from which they cannot depart. It is broad and deep, and the ship is never liable to founder—ever holds on its course. So great, however, are internal dissension and strife, that often life-boats are launched, in which many depart, to cruise in, and brave the storms of unknown seas.

The ship's crew are continually being replenished, according to the unalterable law of the Master-Builder and Commander. As regards the management of the ship, regarding it as a whole, the regulations of the Commander are observed. But in the bosoms of each and all of the crew, are the convulsive feelings or emotions of anger, hatred, envy and jealousy, and a desire to rule; with a disposition to question the wisdom and distrust the ability of the Commander. As a whole, the ship and crew are harmonious; but as parts, they are discordant. Yet such is the wisdom and perfectness of the Ruler or Commander, that He creates, or produces, harmony from inharmony, and makes the greatest discord, resulting from the most depraved or inharmonious conditions, serve the purpose of advancing the whole, as a whole, and purifying the elements, which, if not agitated, would be ever one filthy, dormant mass, corrupt in every part.

[To be continued.]

THOMAS J. TITUS.

#### Lecture No. 12 by Edgar C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM—REPUBLISHED.

#### THE STYLE OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A sound, intuitive and enlightened intellect, will, whether human or immortal, communicate its convictions of truth upon all subjects, whether the present style of communication or form of belief do or do not correspond with the style of communication and forms of belief which characterized its former expressions of thought, whether in the body or out. A spirit may communicate his convictions to-day, while, on the morrow, he may find that he has erred in his conclusions, and if he is a spirit of parity and truth, he will rectify his mistake; while, at the same time, the human mind will exclaim: Why, you told me differently yesterday, and I believe you to be an impostor. What effect would this have upon the free and noble mind? It would shun that feeble mind and seek to find one who could say, with all things in creation, that every hour brings some new change in the development of nature, and hence mind changes from the unrefined thought to-day, to inculcate the refined to-morrow. Change brings you from childhood's happy hour to manhood. Change carries you from life and health, to the couch of pain, and carries your outward elements of life and beauty to the



grave, while your soul is ever changing in its onward flight to God and heaven.

Then if a mind teaches one belief to-day, must he, a century hence, still use the same style of teachings? or shall the style change with the belief? If an immortal spirit taught you to-day, that there was no God, but that, the laws of their existence were invisible and mysterious, and in ages to come should have progressed from this doctrine and should tell you there was a God, and that His laws and principles were unchanging, would you deny that it was the same individual mind, because the style of communicating may be different? It is not the *style* of writing, by which you are enabled to recognize the identity of the purporting spirit, but by the *substance* given in the message. Because the noble JOHN WESLEY was the founder and propagator of Methodism, now that he has found a home above, shall he, to prove his identity, still teach what he taught in the form, when he has discovered that he there inculcated many erroneous ideas? Shall the mighty intellect of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, still traverse on, tracing out the cause and effects of the electrical combinations, which produce the lightning and thunder, heard and seen by the physical senses, and when he communicates, teach you the same he taught on earth, and still retain his *ancient style* of speaking or writing, to prove to you that it is he? Supposing such a mind should teach you the simple law to love and to be kind to one another, would you reject the teachings, because he did not tell you of the stars, of the lightning and of the electrical properties? An intellect like BENJAMIN FRANKLIN's is not recognized by the style or form of teaching, but by the substance and truth therein contained. JOHN WESLEY and BENJAMIN FRANKLIN are recognized by the purity and strength of their productions; not by the style. They come not to men to clothe their messages in lofty words or to spice them with Latin or French sentiments or expressions; but they do come to give the truth in its native and crude form, as they gather it from the universe of their God. And it is by the purity and power of its production by which any mind can be identified. Powerful intellects can produce profound truths; and they can also speak the simple truths found in surrounding nature. Change is constantly going on through all the various departments of nature, and also in the mental construction. A man may believe a thing to-day, and to-morrow disbelieve the same thing. Man is continually changing, and with him changes his mind or belief, according to his progressive refinement. In consequence of this, he cannot always retain the same style of expression; for as mind changes, so does the mode of communicating change.

To some there are truths that stagger the comprehension, because the magnitude and importance of those truths surpass the mind in strength. Change follows man from his birth to the grave; and spirits come to lay a foundation of liberty and justice, that each mind may grasp what is truly his own, as he changes from one belief, or stage of development, to another. To-day man, by the force and power of his genius, has rendered it necessary to display the entire amount of his physical and mental strength, in his discoveries, while the morrow may find his spirit gone to the realms of the just and righteous. Then shall this mind come back to you and still exercise his whole powers of mind and exhaust the properties of his outer construction, in proving to you his identity? Perhaps that mind when disrobed of material knowledge, possesses not a high order of spiritual wisdom, and has yet the primary lessons of celestial life to learn. If so, then his teachings to you, tho' true, will be full of child-like simplicity. But if a high spiritually developed mind enters the spirit world, then the teachings of that mind will show forth the solidities of philosophical knowledge, as well as the simpler acquirements of superior wisdom. Again I say, a spirit is not recognized by its style of writing or communicating; but the identity of any spirit is only known by the strength and purity of its productions.

Man springs into life by the physiological laws of construction; and every advance towards his eternal existence but increases the power and speed of the intellect. Man requires society, and he must have such society as his nature demands; and by associating and conversing, he

develops in himself the faculties of affection and wisdom. This demand of companionship is a characteristic of all things. No flower or shrub exists without possessing the properties necessary to germinate its like. Each day nourishes a thousand forms of creation, bringing into life a thousand germinations of its kind. So like seeks like and develops the same. When the combined propensities of selfish hearts come together, they lay the foundation of tyranny among all beliefs, and stand in the way of true freedom; and when liberty leaps these foul barriers, it is again turned aside by the mighty tide of oppression. Men stand ready to criticise the simple message of a true and fervent soul, if it is not arrayed in literary expressions; and this is an arbitrary power, its effect upon many minds being most prejudicial. The prayer of liberty cannot ascend to a superior power untainted, for men, enough of them, stand ready to pollute it with their poisonous influence. Yet we find civilization to be continually springing into existence; and we wait with cheering hope to see the divine capacities of man to shadow forth the intuitive and conceptive beauties and wisdoms of his mind. The philosophy and simpler knowledge given to man, are not demoniacal enchantments, nor are they the productions of diseased imaginations; but they come from minds which once made your world resound with the effects of their long labor and profound discoveries.

The soul can never be deprived of its eternal attributes; nor can any mind hush the interrogations constantly made in the silent chambers of every heart. It is true, men may trifle and criticise spiritual productions; but if truth is the substance of their message, men may cry fallacy and deception, but they cannot even *touch* the basis of truth with their evil passions; for as God is eternal, so is truth. Search yourselves. First criticise your own faults, ere you deem yourself competent to benefit your brother by reminding him of his faults. In the higher spheres of existence, the law "know thyself" must be learned ere the mind is rendered capable of appreciating its spirit companion. Every human heart has its sensibilities, and why is it that the human heart cannot contribute to the enjoyments of others, instead of striving to wound their feelings by unnecessary remarks or criticism? Man must awake from his dark abiding place and receive the evidence of immortality, before he can, when summoned to the universe beyond, know himself or his friendly associates.

E. C. DAYTON.

#### Lecture by Fanny Wright.

*Through the mediumship of a lady in Syracuse, who was her personal friend.—Republished.*

Fully aware of the subject which now engrosses your attention, and which you are preparing yourselves to defend, I submit a few reflections, with the assurance that they may not altogether prove uninteresting to you, while, at the same time, it will yield much gratification to myself; and should I suggest any ideas that may throw more light on your enquiring minds, with you, also, I shall be a gainer; for whatever can pass through a spiritual agency to you mortals on earth, is elevating both to the spirit that communicates, and to the one that receives.

But are you aware, my friends, of the task you have undertaken, and what a depth of moral courage may be wanting, in order that you may be enabled to stem the mighty torrent of opposing elements which are ever thrown in the way of reform, and which few, comparatively speaking, have courage to resist? I tell you nay, martyrs, for the right ones who have preceded you, in carrying on the war of justice, in opposition to that of slavery or oppression, in any form, can testify to what I say. True, the influence of those noble minds, and their labors, have caused a change which must inevitably have its weight, and is destined, eventually, to strike at the root of misconceived opinions, many of which have stood since the world came into being.

When some of your friends, whose spirits are now in another sphere of existence, were laboring for the elevation of their fellow mortals, at a time when they were subjected to criminations and persecutions, they were supported amid the shafts of contention and opposition, and refusing to compromise integrity for baseness, either in word, thought or action, not a few have been driven from society as outcasts of the human



race, and undeserving of the sympathy of their fellow beings. Such has been the fortune meted out to reformers in every age of the world. Insufferable persecutions and tortures ever have marked their path, often resulting in the extinction of mortal breath. But, my friends, let none of these things move you; there is a power which I have found of a truth to be far beyond what the strength of men can conceive, and which is all sufficient for your greatest need in times when discouragement may prevail and dispondency may come over your minds, almost like an impenetrable veil, and which may, for a season, threaten to obscure your spiritual vision. Yet be of good courage; take heart and be firm; adhere steadily to the one great and mighty object to whose cause you have dedicated your best and most earnest energies, and then my friends, you will find your support; you will be lifted as it were, from filthiness and obscurities, which at present becloud the vision. You will have power given you to see and feel, and to realize that all is working together for good. You will find before you a field of operation which will repay you for all the labor you may bestow upon it. This enterprise, although as yet in its infancy, is destined to hold that mighty lever of universal emancipation which is to bring peace and happiness to mankind.

Education of the masses is to be one great instrument in the disenfranchisement of millions who are at the present time in the most abject and benighted condition. Every operation which is now afloat, and the revolutions which are already convulsing the world, each and all are insensibly throwing their strength into the scale of justice.

In the present condition of men, it seems as if war and desolation are inevitable, and that one portion of the race is destined, for a season, to subvert another; but, in the event, the most powerful oppression which has heretofore governed by selfishness and misrule, must yield, be subjugated and made to submit to the stern fiat, which yields no more to Kings than to their subjects. But you, who are apart from this mortal strife, and are called upon to do a different work, which brings not with it the implements of death and destruction, bear awhile, though your duties may bring you in conflict with some of the most cherished usages of society.

In matters of religion, I would drop a few hints. Be not zealous to make proselytes to your own peculiar views, but rather set an example of purity of mind and manner toward all with whom you are brought in contact. Give yourself no concern about these or those particular tenets, pursuing ever the right as it so appears to you individually. Continue to mark out your own path, and keep in it, so long as it does not lead you greatly astray. I use the term *greatly*, because all are liable to mistaken ideas at times, but which can be remedied, and will be by the true seeker, whenever the truth is shown to him. These small discrepancies in matters of theology, should be no cause of dispute, for wrangling will only serve to alienate your minds and engender bitter feelings toward each other.

Such precepts as you receive from your guardian spirits, may be freely opened and discussed at your social sittings, when each may endeavour to be profited, and the spiritual communications will come the more readily, as the way is made more easy to make themselves known. Choose but the right, and it matters not whether you be Jew or Gentile, whether you are required as a Prophet to read the Koran and pay your devotions in a mosque whose dome is surmounted by lofty minarets, or whether you prostrate yourself as a devotee before the shrine of the Virgin, and kneel before the sainted images, or bow before the cross, the symbol of the Christian faith. These things will be of small value; they will, indeed, avail nothing when the summons arrives that bids you exchange your present condition for a mightier, a purer, and a far more exalted state of existence.

My mind is attracted towards your prostrate brother, who is near his departure to the world of spirits; a brother indeed, in every sense of the word, with a heart and hand ever open to the call of charity. He has proved himself a benefactor to his kind; and, as such, he will meet his reward. Patient in suffering, and true to every relation in life,

which dignifies the name of humanity, he is a specimen of goodness, such as is rarely to be met; yet many there are who would even detract from these his blessed attributes, had they power; for bigotry and intolerance go hand in hand in the work which would accomplish the downfall of those not of their faith. The change which this individual is, ere long, to undergo, will scarce be perceptible to himself; only a removal from eternity, and passing as through a dark passage into the never ending light of day, where no blindness will cloud his sight, but, bright and happy, he will be surrounded by kindred immortal beings. How he will rejoice that he is free from all these shackles which bound him to mortality, and that he can soar unfettered to the glorious regions of immortality. Numberless spirits will be ready to greet him, and offer their welcome. This prospect to him, will be enchanting, everything conspiring to make it so.

I am bidden to say to you, that immortality is allotted to the human race; it is a part of the divine essence which proceeds from the great Originator of light and vitality. It continues after the mortal career is ended, and is a *never ending duration*, which knows no time nor space; and were human beings permitted to view its beauties and its attendant happiness, how would the dread of dissolution be dissipated. No one fear would attend the parting moments of a dying man, for he would know that he is to be received by kindred spirits of another condition—not *always* elevated surley, for it is not all who pass away in an elevated condition; such will find, that, to progress, they must place themselves under the guidance of higher and more exalted spirits.

I have a few words to you through whom I communicate—you as an individual, and from whom much shall be required. Be *prompt*, I beseech you, to obey the promptings of your guardians. Be convinced fully and fervently that God is your Master, and to obey His dictates, should be your greatest care.

Your friend in spirit and truth,

F. W. DARTMONT.

#### What is Love.

Ask him who lives, what is life? ask him who adores, what is God?—Thou demandest, what is Love? It is that powerful attraction toward all we conceive or fear, or hope, beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our own brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own; that the beams of their eyes should kindle and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood. This is love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything that exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. This prosperity develops itself with the development of our nature.—We dimly see within our intellectual nature a miniature, as it were, of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise; the ideal prototype of every thing excellent and lovely, that we are capable of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man. Not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed; a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness; a soul within our own soul that describes a circle around its proper paradise, which pain, and sorrow, and evil, dare not overleap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thirsting that they should resemble and correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype; the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own, an imagination which should enter into, and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret; with a frame whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and a combination of all these in such proportion as the type



within demands; this is the invisible and unattainable point to which Love tends, and to attain which it urges forth the power of men to arrest the faintest shadow of that without the possession of which there is no rest nor respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence in solitude, or in that deserted place where we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathize not with us,—we love the flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awakens the spirit to breathless rapture, and brings tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says that if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress. So soon as this want of power is dead, man becomes a living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was.—SHELLEY.

#### Rev. Dr. Gannett on Individuality.

We copy the following extract from a lecture delivered by Dr. Gannett, of Boston, on the subject of Man's Individuality, and responsibility.

The tendency of our days was to co-operation, and men thought that by forming corporations, they diminished and distributed their individual responsibility. Of all doctrines to deprave the judgment, and debase the morals of the people, this stood preeminent. He had not less political liberty because he shared it with twenty millions, nor were his civil obligations lessened in the least; and he was as sacredly bound to perform every political act conscientiously as if upon his act turned the fortune of the country. The man who yields his judgment and conscience to party dictation, forfeits his civil rights in the eye of morality, and might be deprived of them with more justice than the poor wretch who is convicted of stealing, to save himself from starvation. A free man has no right to wear the fetters of the party. If he chooses to wear its badge, let him cast it aside the moment it would call upon him to sacrifice his own sense of right. Intelligent and honest voters were a country's glory—voters without knowledge and without principle were a country's shame, and would sooner or later, work the country's ruin.

Let each one find what he was fit for and he would find what he might put his hand to without difficulty. The mistake of thousands of our young men lay in trying to be what others are, rather than being what they themselves were made to be. If singularity be a vice, and that was a hard judgment to pass upon it, want of individuality was a weakness.

Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare borrowed not a ray from contemporaneous existence. The deep thinkers of our race had wrought out philosophy in private meditations. The artists have produced the best works only when each was true to his own style. The greatest military and naval victories were gained where a single will was supreme. The reformers and philanthropists who had secured the largest meed of gratitude had gone single-handed to work. Paul did more without Barnabas—Luther fought the Pope and Devil alone. In our days the same principle holds good. An Agassiz creates an era in natural science by the warmth of temperament with which he excites attention to those studies, and she who had planted asylums for the insane through every State of the Union, had no companion of her toil and no associate in her success.

A right appreciation of the individual, was the corner-stone of our free institutions, and it was this which distinguishes them from those of Europe. Seven little words, that "*all men are born free and equal*," put an end to feudalism, to aristocratic rank, and conventional tyranny. On this principle rested the whole structure of society in our land—democracy had no other center and axis—republicanism no other justification and safeguard. The perpetuity and spread of American principles depended upon our loyalty to this principle—the progress of civiliza-

tion and emancipation of the oppressed in every land depends upon its triumph over hereditary power and practical injustice. The value of the individual, however, obtained its largest and most authoritative expression in the religious life. Religion was personal in its address—and "thou art the man" the form of its salutation. It called every one to knowledge and virtue—it trained the individual conscience—it molded the individual character. Here did the American and the Christian ideas coalesce. The principle in which political freedom has its root was the germ of spiritual life, and there was no beauty which exceeds that of a manly, pure, and useful life.

From the Household Words.

#### Echoes.

Still the angel stars are shining,  
Still the rippling waters flow,  
But the angel voice is silent  
That I heard here long ago,  
Hark! the echoes murmur low  
Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely,  
Still the plashing fountains play,  
But the past and all its beauty,  
Whither has it fled away?  
Hark! the mournful echoes say  
Fled away!

Still the bird of night complaineth—  
Now, indeed, her song is plain—  
Visions of my happy hours,  
Do I call and call in vain?  
Hark! the echoes cry again  
All in vain!

Cease, O echoes, mournful echoes!  
Once I loved your voices well;  
Now my heart is sick and weary,  
Days of old, a long farewell!  
Hark! the echoes sad and dreary  
Cry farewell, farewell!

#### The Angel of Patience.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Beside the toilsome way,  
Lowly and sad, by fruits and flowers unblest,  
Which my worn feet tread sadly, day by day,  
Longing in vain for rest.

An angel softly walks,  
With pale sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,  
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks  
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace,  
A look of firm endurance, true and treid,  
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face,  
So pure—so glorified.

And when my fainting heart  
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate,  
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,  
Murmuring softly "wait!"

"Patience!" she sweetly saith—  
"The Father's mercies never come too late;  
Gird thee with patient strength and trusting faith,  
And firm endurance—wait!"

Angel!—behold—I wait—  
Wearing the thorny crown through all life's hours;  
Wait till thy hand shall ope the eternal gate,  
And change the thorns to flowers!



# AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

OFFICE OVER STEPHENSON'S JEWELRY STORE, 200 MAIN ST. SECOND STORY.

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## For next Sabbath.

We have been directed, by the Spirit of Professor DAYTON, to announce that he and Mr. SMITH will speak through the organs of Mr. FORSTER, on Sabbath next. They will select their subjects when they see their audiences.

## Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

We can say nothing, from our own knowledge, of what was done at the Hall, either in the morning or the afternoon of last Sabbath, as we were not there at either of those meetings. At about eight o'clock in the morning of that day, we started, in company with a friend, for Potter's Corners, where T. G. FORSTER was advertised to be spoken through by the spirit of Professor EDGAR C. DAYTON.

It was, as all who ventured out on that occasion are aware, a very cold day. The sleigh run very glibly, till we got out of the city. Then came the tug of war. Snow banks, like Alps piled on Alps, filled the roads and environed the track, the whole length of the intervening eleven miles. And such a quantity of snow as we found encumbering the ground, our vision never before embraced at a single view. In many places, for half-miles together, the track threaded the apex of a snow-bank, which swallowed up the fences on each side; and so deep and frequent were the gulfs, or cradle-holes, as some call them, that we went pitching and rising, like a ship in a gale of wind, with a sea running top-mast high. Indeed, we frequently went scuppers under, and once capsized on our beam-ends. We weathered the blow pretty well, however, considering how the waves combed, and that ours was a shore-craft, with but one hand before the mast.

We arrived at Potter's Corners at about half past ten o'clock, A. M., and made our way to the church on foot, which very forcibly reminded us how necessary it is to show mercy to the enslaved quadruped, that had propelled us eleven miles, with his own physical power, over a much worse road than that which we were travelling, in no longer time than two hours and a half.

Arrived at the church, which was neat but small, we found an audience gathered and gathering, which, when all had arrived, numbered about two hundred persons. The exercises of the occasion were introduced by a piece of sacred music, given forth by a regularly organized and well practised choir of singers, who are wont to furnish music for the congregation which worships there. By the time the choir had finished, the lecturing spirit had his medium entranced, and brought him to his feet whilst the echo of the last foot of the music was still reverberating. He gave forth his text, which he was to speak from by special request, and spoke for two full hours, in a manner which few others beside E. C. DAYTON can speak, through a human organism.

The people who had assembled there, any tolerable physiognomist could see, were generally men and women of intellect and appreciative minds. Whether a majority of them did or did not approve the doctrine and sentiments of the lecturing Spirit, they all deported themselves most respectfully, gentlemanly and lady-like; and even if the spirit failed to make a good impression upon them, they did not fail to make a good impression upon us.

At the close of the exercises, after a little familiar chat with the audience, we footed it back to the hotel, where we partook of a comfortable, and not a very light dinner, and prepared to make sail on our

homeward bound passage. Before casting off, we paid our bill, which, for two of us and the horse, amounted to five York shillings. We agitated the subject, when we stopped to repair some slight damages, whether or not we had better take our families there to board.

We had a consort, on this passage, of about our own build and rig, who went out of port ahead of us, and kept the lead, till a white squall struck her on her starboard bow, and turned her bottom up. But the sea on which she was sailing, having been crystalized by the hyperborean climate, she could not sink, and they succeeded in righting her, and getting her under way again. The damage done to her hull, rigging, commander and crew, was what had to be repaired.

Making sail again, we took the lead of our consort, thinking to show him a better example than he did us; but, as bad luck would have it, our helmsman, skipper CRANE, never having sailed much in high latitudes, and being, at best, as far as seamanship is concerned, little better than a green hand, he, too, run against a white squall, which, as we have before intimated, struck her aback and threw her on her beam ends. Singularly enough, after this happened, we did not happen to laugh any more at our consort; and he seemed to be much better reconciled to his misfortune. We met with no farther incidents worth logging, till we arrived at the harbor of Buffalo, where it was found on examination, that Jack Frost had made a snap at the weather lug of our esteemed friend and shipmate, FORSTER, and put it in a condition to get well much sooner than it would if it had not been bitten.

Now we are at home, have been fed and got thawed; evening approaches, and we must put off the waterman's style of jolity, and assume a gravity which befits a more serious occasion.

We repaired to the Hall in the evening, where we found some six or seven hundred people assembled, and more arriving continually. The Hall was soon comfortably filled, though not jammed, as it is when the weather is not so exceedingly cold. After singing by the choir, the medium, whose organism had been pretty severely used in the forenoon, and whose physical system was much fatigued by the journey to Potter's Corners and back, was again entranced and made to speak the language and sentiments of that elevated and powerful Spirit, which was born of the physical form of STEPHEN R. SMITH. Not only did the Spirit do complete justice to the text which he had chosen; but, in the application, he made many of us, poor peccable mortals, writhe under biting excoriations, which fell harmless upon all but those of us who merited it. It was, indeed a cauterising, though much needed, application; and those of us who winced under it, had better come to the conclusion to forego the benefit of another such a flagellation, by taking care not to put ourselves in the way of it. For ourself, we are ready to say that we will do all in our power to save that fatherly spirit the pain of having such a duty to discharge on any future occasion.

## Spiritual Communications.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

These communications were received at a circle which has been recently organized, and which holds regular meetings at the house of the medium's father:

As creation spreads itself over the universe of animate being, the voice of God is there impregnated. The elemental world of specific causes, which throng around your existence, in every changing natural effect, breathes forth an undying voice, which thrills the human heart with beauty, as nature gently stoops to touch its quivering strings; that man may look to God, and on the diamond-crested ocean of thought, chant with the infinite, the anthemal songs of eternity, as they mount higher and still higher, till they reach the soul of God, who gave them birth. Then on, and live true to the divinity of your own immortal natures, that Deity hath interfused into every artery of life; that when called to your home eternal, you may lay on the shrine of His love, a soul free from guile. Go on; for, hovering over each identified individuality here to-night, are angels who have brought from the im-



mortal sun-shine of heaven, rays of effulgent light, that, as each gazes heavenward, they may behold in every thing, the essence of divine life, which, with man, must mount the spiral waves of progression. Weary not, then, though sometimes the way seems rough; for God is there; and though prejudice may hurl its anathemas at your happiness, yet let each stand prepared to wield the weapon of Justice, in defence of eternal truth; and in heaven thy brow shall be crowned with flowers, and thy feet slipped in violets.

I bid you God-speed, and will meet you again at your next meeting.

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

The flower folds its leaves to rest, when twilight throws its mantle over the broad bosom of creation. The golden ray goes back to its nightly repose, while, through the aerial halls of nature, silence wafts itself along on the strata of the atmosphere, and the breath of God falls upon the human soul. Its graspings for the great beyond—its yearnings to reach the stupendous volume of nature—its aspirations for immortality—all go to portray on the living mind, the reflections of heaven in man. The rolling orb of night that doth revolve around its mighty centre—the flashing meteor—the crystalized heavens, thus bedecked with living motion, all go to prove the primeval source which mind recognizes as God. The beating of each heart, as it moves the electric chords of nature, each pulsation vibrating with emotions of affection, all go to demonstrate a cause for every visible effect. Then let me urge you on, judging others not by external demonstrations, but search for the cause: then judge each mind by its internal unfoldments, and not by what convolving circumstances may cause a human soul to act. Return smiles of charity for frowns of prejudice; and heaven will greet you, radiant with hope, while God reflects into each soul the beneficence of his stupendous nature and eternal love.

Excuse my coming to-night, and receive this from one who has oft-times spoken to you, but not by the same agencies employed to-night.

Very truly yours,

A. A. BALLOU.

#### BENEDICTION.

May joy find its repose in the sanctuary of each soul, as angels guard its hopes and aspirations. Good night.

#### The Hire of Labor.

FROM OUR OLD ELBOW CHAIR.

TEXT.—Behold, the hire of the laborers which have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped, are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

Let no one suppose that the words in the text; "Reaped down your fields," are intended to apply merely to one particular kind of labor. The Apostle, James, who gave the warning exhortation to rich men, from which the text is extracted, was evidently well aware that it was just as fraudulent to keep back the hire of any other kind of labor, as that of reaping down fields of grain; and no one can reasonably suppose that he intended any less than to embrace the hire of every kind of labor, though he instanced but a single one.

The text, then, is applicable to every one who hires laborers in any capacity, and keeps back the hire of their labor, either in whole or in part. Also to all employers who nominally pay the whole hire, but really keep back a part by fraudulent devices, such as charging an exorbitant price for articles of food, apparel, or other necessities of life which they give in exchange for labor. Money being the adopted standard, whereby the value of labor, as well as every other commodity of trade, is measured, if an employer agree to pay his laborer one dollar for a days service, and charge him a dollar for a bushel of wheat, when he, at the same time, sells it for money at seven-eighths of that sum, he is guilty of keeping back a part of his hire by fraud; and the cries of the laborer against him will enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth; which is to be understood as tantamount to saying, that the Lord will take cognizance of the fraudulent deed.

In many of the cities and populous towns of the State of New York

the practice of paying mechanics and laborers with orders on merchants, prevails to a shameful extent. Manufacturers and master builders enter into agreements with grocers and provision dealers, dry-goods merchants, shoe dealers, &c., to accept their orders for their articles of merchandize, with an understanding that the merchant is to charge a heavy percentage higher for the goods purchased by laborers with these orders, which percentage they are to deduct when the drawers pay cash at times specified. The mechanic or laborer who is employed by these men, calls for the amount of his week's hire on Saturday night, when it is necessary to provide for his family for the coming week, and is told, by his employer, or his clerk, that there is no money to be had, but that he can have anything he wants for the use of his family. Here he is compelled to choose between nothing for his family to subsist upon, or taking an order on one of those dealers who have entered into a conspiracy with his employer, and who he very well knows will charge from one-eighth to one fourth higher than the customary price for his goods, besides imposing upon him musty or lifeless flour, rancid butter, rusty pork, and all other things of inferior quality. This the poor fellow has to submit to; for, if he insist on having money for his labor, he is immediately turned off, to seek employment from some other employer, who has in like manner conspired against the laborer who reaps down his fields. This is fraud systematised, which proves it to be coolly premeditated, and therefore greatly more wicked than those frauds which are perpetrated by the promptings of avarice, in isolated cases, without predetermination. There are a great many cases of larceny, which are punished as felonies, and yet the suffering culprit in each case, is less guilty of moral turpitude than those who practise the systematised frauds above described. These frauds cannot cry to the civil law for redress; or if they do they will not be listened to. But they can and do cry for retributive justice; and it will surely come.

The practice of keeping back part of the hire of the laborers by such frauds as those last alluded to, are not confined to the classes of men which we have taken for examples. They are continually practised by men in various positions. Among others, they are practised by municipal bodies; such, for instance, as the Common Council of our own city. There can be no doubt that the credit of the city is at all times available to raise any amount of money which is necessary for current expenses, when it is deemed inexpedient to raise it by direct taxation, or when the revenues of the city are exhausted between the times of collecting the annual tax. Instead of taking this rational, straight forward and fair course, when our city authorities decide on making any improvement, they pass a resolution to have it done, providing no means to do it with, and order the Street Commissioner or whatever other agent they choose to set about it, to proceed immediately to carry the resolution into effect; authorizing the said agent, or the Controller, to draw from time to time on the Treasurer, for such sums as are necessary to meet the expenses as they accrue. And the Treasurer is directed to pay those drafts out of—what? Any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated? No, indeed. He is directed to pay them out of *nothing*! Is this so? It certainly is, for he is directed to pay them out of the "local fund" which is to be collected from the property benefitted by the improvement, some time or other, and which has no existence till it is collected. That which has no existence is merely ideal, and consequently is *nothing*.

Works of great improvement, if of any considerable amount, are let out by the job to the lowest bidder. All who bid for them know what they have to receive from the city authorities in payment of their outlay for materials and labor, and they regulate their bids accordingly. If they knew they were to receive cash, they would take such contracts for from fifteen to twenty per cent. less than they will when they know they are to receive city orders payable out of nothing. Hence it is plain that those who have ultimately to pay for these improvements are taxed at least ten per cent. more by this miserable policy, than they would be if the necessary funds were borrowed at the commencement, to be paid to the contractor, and by him to the mechanic and laborer,



as the work progressed. Is this not so? We have stated, what we know to be true, that contractors would take such contracts at from fifteen or twenty per cent. less, if they were to receive cash instead of those orders. The medium of these two rates is seventeen and a half per cent. Now, it is well known that the credit of the city will command any necessary amount of money at seven per cent. This, if the fund should not be collected in less than a year, would make a saving of ten and a half per cent. But this is not all. Much of the tax can be collected immediately, and more continually through the year, till all is collected. As fast as it is collected it will stop interest somewhere, if not on the sum borrowed for this particular improvement. Hence the city would not have to pay more than half a year's interest on the whole cost of the improvement, which is three and a half per cent. This would be added to the local tax, and then fourteen per cent. would be saved to the tax payers by the adoption of the cash system.

On the other hand, the contractor receives orders, drawn for sums varying from one dollar to twenty, to be ready change for laborers, who receive them every Saturday night for their week's labor; and here commences the shaving operation. The laborer goes to a grocery and provision store to get something for the subsistence of his family; but the grocer tells him he will not sell flour, butter, pork nor fish, for which he has to pay cash, and take such unavailable trash in payment. He will let him have sugar, tea, coffee and spices, at exorbitant prices; but not a cent's worth of provisions, unless he will throw off as much as he will have to pay a broker for shaving. What now is to be done? Why he concludes he will go to the broker himself and get his orders shaved, and then buy his provisions where he pleases.—He goes, and the broker tells him he would buy them at ten per cent discount, if the local tax roll had been long enough in the collector's hands; but as there is yet no roll made out, he will not buy it at less than twenty, and he must take uncurrent money at that. He takes it; goes to a provision store to buy a barrel of flour, and has to be shaved two or three per cent on the uncurrent money. Here is a system of fraud practised continually upon poor laborers, whereby a great portion of their hire is kept back; and the citizens who are ultimately taxed for the improvement, are, as has been shown, grievously defrauded. The hire thus fraudulently kept back from laborers, cries, and the cry is heard; and here the important question arises—on whom will fall the retribution? Certainly on those to whose agency the fraud is attributable. The design of these strictures on the course pursued by these agents, is to make their error so palpable, that their own consciences and the indignation of the defrauded poor, shall punish them adequately for their misdeeds, and teach them to pursue, in future, a course more in accordance with justice.

The most crying system of fraud, by which the hire of laborers who rear the crops and reap down the fields, is kept back, remains yet to be considered. There are three millions of men, women and children, within the boundaries of this much vaunted, "Last refuge of the oppressed of *all nations*," the hire of whose labor is continually and totally kept back by fraud, and who are still more grievously defrauded of all the liberties, rights and privileges which are the natural heritage of all God's children. Who are these men, women, and children? and why are they thus continually defrauded in a land of professing christians, whose watchword and rallying cry on all occasions is "LIBERTY?" They are the descendants of sons and daughters of Central Africa, where nature so bountifully provided for all their requirements, that necessity never compelled them to the cultivation of the arts of what we term civilized life. These African progenitors of the above named three millions, were seized and manacled in the home of their love, brought hither and sold into perpetual bondage, by the superior knowledge and power of christian pirates, who, for a long series of years, practised these most inhuman and abhorrent outrages upon an unoffending people, for the gratification of insatiable avarice, under the approving sanction of a faith defending British king and his emulating American dependencies.

From these kidnapped, abducted and enslaved Africans, the three millions who now reap down the fields of Southern planters, have descended, and have inherited the perpetual slavery and debasement to which christian piracy reduced their worse than martyred ancestors. By what law are these descendants of stolen and enslaved Africans made heirs of the slavery and degradation of their ancestors. Is it a christian law, founded upon principles of justice?—Not at all—they are made so by the laws of superior force, founded on principles of the rankest despotism; and the ministers of this law, are professing christians, in whose hearts no spark of pure christian principle can ever exist, till they cease to be the instruments of this most inhuman oppression. The fraud by which the hire of these enslaved millions is kept back, and their bodies and souls are kept in bondage, cries continually for retributive justice.—This cry has entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth; and the sure though long delayed retribution is at length falling upon the heads of the impious oppressors.

Behold their once fertile and fruitful fields, where nature bloomed and blushed with ever vernal beauty; where Flora delighted to deck the borders, whilst Ceres crowned the laborer's toil with rich abundance. How are they now? Is not their soil starved with the tillage of hands which are not guided by intelligent minds? Have not their primal beauties faded like virgin loveliness smitten with early sorrow? Has not a general blight spread over the whole face of nature; and has not the day of retribution already dawned with frowning aspect?

Whilst these things are evident to our senses, it is equally evident that the change which has been wrought is no special visitation of Divine wrath. It has been brought about by that never changing, ever certain law of cause and effect, by which God, in His infinite wisdom, has decreed, that unrighteousness shall never escape its due measure of punishment. Never has this law of the great Governor of the universe, been more strikingly illustrated than it has in the workings of that abominable institution, whose blighting influence is now, and has long been, withering the prosperity of the sunny South. The lords of the soil in that region will not till the earth with their own hands. They will have slaves to till it for them. These slaves work on compulsion with unwilling hands. Their minds are reduced as nearly to a level with brute instinct as the stringency of the slave discipline can reduce them. This is deemed absolutely necessary as a safeguard against insurrection. They are, therefore, denied any knowledge of letters; and teaching them to read is made a felony by the slave code. Hence it is plain that enlightened mind can never direct the hand of the slave; and this renders it equally plain that slave labor must be death to the soil which it tills, and totally useless in all branches of handicraft science.

How can a man, who is a slave for life, and doomed to drag out his days in unrequited servitude and the deepest degradation, ever learn to build a coach which his lordly master would deign to ride in? He cannot be sent to a free state or foreign country to serve an apprenticeship, for either of these would free him from slavery. No scientific and skillful mechanic will go from free states or free countries to become a teacher of negro slaves in the mechanic arts. And if either of these were practicable, what incentive has the slave to become a workman at any mechanical business, even if his intellectual faculties had not been rendered inadequate to such acquirements, by the stultifying effect of the slave discipline? Would he wish to render himself more valuable to his master, and thereby totally preclude the possibility of ever obtaining that freedom which he sighs for from his early youth to his dying day? No, there is no incentive, and slaves can never be any other than the very lowest order of mechanics. Hence the lords of the soil, as well as of the bodies and souls of human beings, must ever be dependent on the mechanical science and skill of freemen in free countries for all the productions of the mechanic arts. This circumstance must inevitably occasion a continual drain upon the resources of slave holders, by which they are essentially impoverished. The dissolute habits which a life of continual idleness is certain to bring upon them, together with their innurement to the use of the lash in the management of slaves,



produces in them an acerbity and a moroseness of temper, which disqualifies them for social enjoyment with any but their own class, and frequently produces fatal collisions even among themselves. These are some of the inevitable consequences of the crying sin of slavery, and contribute essentially to the punishment thereof.

"Whom God determines to destroy, he first makes mad," is the English rendering of a latin maxim, which seems about to be fearfully verified in the case of Southern slave holders. The madness which precedes destruction, is evidently upon them now. It is made evident by their insane raving, in which they emphatically affirm that the most blighting curse that ever fell upon any portion of the human family, is a blessing! and that they have unalterably fixed their determination to force human slavery into the free territories of the Union at any hazard, that the millions who are to swarm there in proximate ages, may be as blest as they. To this end, they have made assent to this abominable proposition, a *sine qua non* in any candidate for an office under the United States government, for whom they are called upon to vote.

We will not assent to the position which seems to have been assumed by the author of the latin proverb which we have quoted; for we will not believe, as he seems to believe, that God makes men mad for the purpose of fitting them for foredoomed destruction; but we do believe that these men are really under the influence of a mania, which results from the causes we have enumerated; and we farther believe that unless they are cured of the dreadful malady by which they are afflicted, either by the special intervention of God's mercy, or by the speedy prevalence of better counsel among them, the destruction of which their mania is the precursor, is fearfully near them. Let us still hope and fervently pray, that a saving rationality may speedily return to them, and that the cries may soon cease which are continually ascending from those millions, the hire of whose labor has so long been kept back by fraud.

#### Truth.

O, how beautiful, how lovely, how adorning to the human character, is Truth! Nay—how like unto God is the man or the woman, from whose lips falsehood never falls—in whose intercourse with the world, insincerity and hypocrisy are never to be detected! Like unto God, because God is Truth and Truth is God. Like unto God, because the laws by which God governs the Univers, are founded upon Truth—are Truth. It is because God is true and His laws are all like Him, that the astronomer is enabled to calculate and foretell all the solar, lunar and astral phenomena which are to occur, for years, and even ages, to come. It is owing to this eternal truth of God, that the husbandman can safely calculate on the return of seed-time and harvest, and on a sufficiency of the bounties of mother-earth, for all the necessities of her children. It is owing to the truthfulness of God and nature, that men and women may safely calculate on health of body, length of life and peace of mind, if they are as true to nature as nature is to them.

Men and women who do not practise truth, cannot love God, for God and truth are inseparable. Therefore those who are desirous to know whether they do or do not love God, have only to look into themselves and see whether they do or do not love truth; and this they can determine by looking into the interior record, where memory has recorded their deeds, words and outward seemings, in their intercourse with the world. Those who hate truth, and love and practise its opposite, must hate God and His most distinguishing attributes; and this hatred must continue as long as the love of falsehood continues, even if it be centuries and tens of centuries after the transition from the earth-life to the spirit life. These are those who visit spiritual circles and communicate falsehoods, giving probability, in the minds of orthodox innocents, to the asseverations of their clergy, that spiritual communications and manifestations "are all the works of the Devil."

Aside from the eternal effect upon the immortal part of man, produced by the love and practice of truth, it is, of all qualities and properties, the most beautiful adornment of the mere external man, and the most contributive to his temporal interests and happiness. There

is no desirable thing out of the reach of the man who is known to be truthful. If he be a man of business, customers will flock to his establishment, be it in what department it may. When such a man says, this thing is so, the customer will take it, undoubtingly, and is willing even to pay him more, for the sake of the security which he feels in not being wilfully defrauded. Such men and such women have the respect of even those who do not sufficiently respect themselves to go and do likewise.

On the contrary, he who is known to be a violator of truth, enjoys the confidence of no one who knows him. When he makes an assertion, though he attempt to confirm it by the most solemn protestations, no one believes him, unless what he says is, in itself, more probable than improbable. When he tells what he has heard and seen, in other localities, though he tells the truth, those who listen to him, arrive at no conclusion whether it be truth or falsehood; and if the probabilities are balanced, they naturally incline to the belief that it is false; and he can not, if he have discernment, fail to see in their manner, that his true relation of facts, has produced no conviction in their minds. The folly of such a course of life, and the evil consequences resulting from it, can scarcely be imagined by the human mind.

And woman, that human divinity, when truth and purity are ingredients of her interior constitution, how fatally does she metamorphose herself, when she descends to the embrace of falsehood and the utterance of lies! With every beauty of form and all the graces of motion—with the eye of the gazelle and the voice of the sirens, she is a mere whited sepulchre—a painted iniquity—a gaudily decked corruption—a thing to be turned from and loathed; for who, but the fool, would listen to her vows of conjugal fidelity? None but those who would be cheated, for where there is no love of truth, there is no moral purity—no guaranty of faithfulness. Though her exterior may present tints as beautiful as those which adorn the serpent, her embrace is correspondingly dangerous and fatal; and she should be avoided as a walking pestilence.

#### The Winter.

Still lingering in the lap of Spring, is a winter which Lapland, Siberia or Kamschatka, might recognize as its own, without blushing. The autumn was pleasant and protracted. Winter put on its armor and commenced hostilities against the animal kingdom, on Christmas eve. Then we had a snow-storm which gave us good sleighing, and we have had snow-storms on snow-storms; snows piled on snows, like Alps on Andes, till it is now, after having had eighty-two days to settle—this being Wednesday March 12th—it is probably not less than three feet deep, all over this section of country. During these 82 days, we think the average temperature has been nearly or quite as low as zero. On Sunday, the 9th inst., at five o'clock in the morning, the mercury in Fahrenheit indicated twenty degrees below zero; the instrument hanging where the wind could not affect it.

At the present writing, we have every indication of another snow-storm. Indeed, it must be near at hand, as we have had no mail from New York in three days, owing, as we learn by telegraph, to one of the greatest snow-storms, down east, that they have had this winter. We pray that we may not remain a denizen of earth long enough to see and feel another such a winter. It is, indeed, enough to make those who believe in the hot climate which sinners are threatened with, by orthodox divines, take the shortest road to get there.

#### Dark Spirits.

The North Western *Orient*, on this subject, talks thus:—The dark, rude and undeveloped of the spirit-realms are permitted to come to earth. "The Hells are loosed." They delight to embarrass those who are in search for light and truth. They would make the subject ridiculous and arrest its progress. If it were possible, they would murder every medium in the land; but they are utterly impotent for injury.

The question is frequent and appropriate.—If the good and bad are permitted to communicate, how shall we know the true from the false? We



reply—"By their fruits you shall know them." A bad tree cannot give forth good fruit. The same fountain cannot give forth both sweet water and bitter. The dark will not converse upon sacred themes, and the pure and truthful will not converse upon subjects purely mundane. The dark will only speak of things appertaining to earth, in no way allied to spiritual truths of high import. Their statements are contradictory or absurd and frequently attended with profanity. Mediums may soon rise above their reach and no longer be annoyed by intrusion from the undeveloped.

Impressible mediums can at all times instantly declare the character of the spirit seeking to influence, and repulse them if uncongenial. Clairvoyants see them, and cannot be deceived in assumed appearances. Their eyes betray them, when they would counterfeit.

Formerly these unhappy persons were called demons, and were cast out by a summary process. We are now required by our teachers to receive them with kindness, and to exhort them to repentance and reformation. Many who come to preplex are caused to weep and pray, and leave us rejoicing in tears for the good received—promising amendment. We are taught that even these are yet precious in the sight of God—that they are our brothers, and shall yet stand, bright and pure, in the presence of our Father. Those who visit us, and remain obdurate, cannot abide the accents of love and tenderness, but take a speedy departure. Many seek our circles desiring to know if it be indeed true that a door is now opened for escape from their wretchedness, into a higher state. We assure them that they may come away, and declare to them the means to be employed for their liberation, for so are we instructed by bright spirits, who cannot approach them in person.

In the spirit-realms are all orders of persons, as we find them here. We are not permitted to regard any as evil, whether they be in or out of the body. All are intrinsically good who bear the Divine image. Sins are evanescent, and may be washed away, while good is enduring and abides forever. No danger need be apprehended from the machinations of dark spirits. As well fear our own shadows. As well mistake a negro's pate stuck upon a pike-staff for the sun at noon, as the crude impartations of the dark and rude, for the glowing, thrilling lessons of the high and noly.

The good and the bad were alike permitted to act at the time of the Apostles, else no necessity had existed for the caution—"Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God,"—"Prove all things; hold fast the good,"—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

### How Spirits act on Matter.

How do Spirits operate on dead matter? How do they break over this discrete degree? Can you tell me in a few words?

The above question was recently propounded to us, in a private letter, by an intelligent Swedenborgian clergyman. It was intended to elicit an answer through a private epistle, but as it is one which is frequently asked, and involves in its elucidation principles which are of importance to the general mind, we have concluded to offer our thought upon it through the columns of the *Telegraph*.

It is important to bear in mind that Spirit is at one point necessarily and intimately allied to matter, notwithstanding the discrete degree which separates the two when each is contemplated by itself. This, indeed, is manifest by their association and reciprocal action upon each other in the human body. All things of the body answer, by correspondence, to all things in the soul, and *vice versa*; and between each particular faculty or principle of soul and its corresponding organ, fiber, or atom of the body, there must necessarily be a point of contact in order that the physical organism may be moved and made the instrument of action upon bodies in the external world.

This will readily be comprehended by the receivers of the doctrines of Swedenborg, who, in his posthumous tracts, teaches that the most refined essence of the blood, namely, the animal spirit, connects with the lower substance of the soul, and serves as a medium through which the soul acts upon the body. But Swedenborg also teaches, and correctly, we think, that this whole physical world is one grand Body, while the whole spiritual world is one grand Soul; and that as the soul and body in the individual man connect and mutually act upon each other through the most refined essence of the blood, so the whole material and spiritual worlds connect and mutually act upon each other through the most refined essence of nature.

But if this is true in a general, it must also be true in a particular sense, inasmuch as generals can only be made up of particulars; and by way of more definitely explaining the *modus* of particular physical manifestations by Spirits, now occurring, the following additional remarks are submitted:

It is universally admitted by physiologists that the human blood contains in solution all the materials of the physical body. Now the blood in its most refined state (the state in which, under the name of the animal spirit, it circulates through the cortical fibers and nerves, and serves, according to Swedenborg, as the medium of the soul's connection with the body,) is still essentially the blood, though ascended and purified, and hence it still contains, in ultimate refinement, every element of which the human body is composed. But the human body, and hence the blood, and hence, in greater refinement, even the animal spirit contains no material but what is contained in, and was received from, the outer world, and which, in being taken into the system and digested, and in passing successively into chyme, chyle, blood, fiber, and animal spirit, is only changed in respect to its potential and living conditions, and not in respect to its abstract material properties, which latter remain the same, as carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, etc. It is moreover known that the blood, and thence the solids of the body, contain most of the elements constituting outer nature; and it is presumed, on good grounds, that it contains all of them. It follows, therefore, that in the animal Spirit, or refined essence of the blood, the soul—the Spirit—does come in direct contact with most if not all the materials—the carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, calcium, iron, etc.—which compose the outer and physical world—thus with the whole epitomized physical world itself—and this, too, notwithstanding the discrete degree which separates the two from each other.

Now, admitting the soul to be immortal, it must be immortal in all its parts, faculties, properties, loves and relations. Hence no relation which the soul is known to sustain with matter in the body, can ever be absolutely lost. It is true, the soul may experience changes of state—may pass into more and still more interior conditions, which proportionally remove it from contact, for the time being, with external matter; but still, under suitable circumstances, its former exterior states may be more or less perfectly resumed, in a manner analogous to that in which we resume, through memory, the states of affection and thought, and dwell in the same scenes, which have marked some period of our past life.

When the soul is connected with the body, it is what we call the external state, that is, in the state of the external senses. When abnormalized, or disconnected from the body by death of the latter, it is in the spiritual state, or in the exercise of the spiritual senses. In this state—a discrete degree removed from the previous one—it can not know or act upon the material existences of the outer world, which are, as it were, nonentities to it. But as the soul, while connected with the body, may be abnormalized and thrown into the interior by magnetic and other processes, so the soul disembodied may, as it is reasonable to believe, by a reverse process of abnormalization, be externalized, brought again into intimate rapport with the matter of the outer world, and come again into the life of its external senses and powers. If this process of externalization is perfect, the soul or living man will actually appear to us in bodily form. Ceasing, for the time, to be what is distinctively called a Spirit, it becomes an external man again, and as such can move matter with its hands in the same manner with any other external man. Many well-authenticated phenomena of this kind are on record, and occur mostly in the histories of "haunted houses."

But as it is seldom possible for the man of this world to fully enter the spiritual state, so it is seldom possible, even under the most favorable conditions, for Spirits of the other world to fully resume the external state; and the partial success of their efforts to do this is sometimes manifested in the projection of a visible or tangible hand, foot or other organ, while the other portions of the organism remain invisible. This phenomenon is of common occurrence in the presence of certain mediums whose spheres, partaking both of the spiritual and the physical, serve as a link of connection through which Spirits can partially re-enter the outer world.

In most of instances, however, the Spirit is unable to externalize itself to the extent of visibility, but still can do this so far as to be able to perceive and form volitional, and what may be called magnetic, connections with external objects, such as chairs, tables, etc., which it may move or cause to emit concussive sounds, by an effort of will or an exertion of its partially externalized but still invisible spiritual organs.



We admit that this theory would probably appear fanciful to most minds did it rest exclusively upon *a priori* grounds; but as the facts which it is intended to explain absolutely do exist, we submit it to reflecting minds as the most rational hypothesis of which we in our present light are able to conceive. We are willing to abandon it when a better one is offered.

Before dismissing the subject we will be a little more specific upon a certain point involved in the foregoing. It is our opinion (of which we have not time now to exhibit the proofs) that the soul is not only a substantial, organic entity, but contains really as much substance as the physical body itself, preserving the exact (spiritual) form of the latter. The only reason why we do not see souls or Spirits as we do men in the flesh, is because the organized substance of the former is in an interior state, and hence only *en rapport* with interior senses; but if that same identical organized substance can be externalized, and thus simply brought into *rapport* with the external senses, it will necessarily be visible and tangible to men in the flesh, and will exhibit all the properties of any other external human organism—supposing, of course, that the process of externalization is complete. I can not, therefore, agree with many Spiritualists that it is necessary for a Spirit to seize hold of, and condense and clothe itself with, the particles floating in our atmosphere, in order to make itself visible and tangible, though I am not prepared to deny that Spirits can do this to some extent, if they wish.

From the Social Revolutionist.

### The Elf of Fogyism.

As our popular theologies are abundantly peopled with elves, demons or "devils," as they call them, their votaries must not be offended if I give a running history of one of them.

The Elf of Fogyism has figured in all ages of the world. He is always respectable, always popular, always in a majority, or else in authority.—His especial mission on earth is to oppose all change and innovation; to quash all reform, and war with progress at every step. His devotees are the "fogies;" and they do the work which their master instigates.

A long time ago, the fogies in Greece held to faith in a multitude of gods; but Socrates had faith in only one. He was a disciple of Human Progress and Reform, and when he taught the unity of God in the face of the Greek Pantheon, which contained no less than 30,000, the fogies charged him with corrupting the Athenian youth. Baffled in argument, they resorted to ridicule, just as the fogies do now. But ridicule had no terrors for the calm old sage, and the fogy rulers gave him the juice of hemlock to drink; a summary method of putting a stop to Reform, which thanks to Human Progress, fogies can't use now-a-days.

Afterward appeared a certain man among the Jews, named Jesus, and a most noted innovator was he. He violated the holy Sabbath, ate with publicans and sinners, denounced the hypocrisy of the times, and taught truths which the Scribes and Pharisees did not teach. And was the ubiquitous Elf idle all this while? Not a bit of it. He roused up the indignation of his votaries, and they called Jesus many hard names, accused him of perverting the people, and brought him bound before Pontius Pilate. There was no evidence to sustain the accusation, the Governor declared; but the fogy people cried out the more, "Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him!" And when he was nailed to the cross, they passed by and railed on him, wagging their heads—the fogies mocking the man Jesus. They could have daubed a caricature of Human Progress!

Centuries after, when Christianity had sadly degenerated, came one Martin Luther, who published heretical theses, inveighed against priestly corruption, and strove manfully for Reform. The Elf of Fogyism was greatly incensed, and he swore a terrible oath that he would have Luther burned, as Huss was for the same offence, one hundred years before. But in this, the Elf failed, and the angel of Progress began a new song; and the earth has rung with one eternal psalm of triumph from that day to this!

Galileo was no sort of a fogy, but a reckless innovator and revolutionist. He didn't hesitate even to upset the heavens and turn the planets topsy turvey. He changed the center of planetary motion, fixed the sun, tore up from its deep foundation this big earth of ours, and set it in giddy whirl, to usher in the morn and eve, and ever varying seasons of the year—a paltry errand; and the fogies were indignant. It was heresy, they said; and the Elf raged in the Pope and Cardinals; and Mr. Galileo had to recant. He did indeed point his telescope toward the heavens and

show the moons of Jupiter and the crescent shape of Venus; but the Elf so "biologized" his subjects, that they wouldn't believe what their own eyes saw. And when poor Galileo died, they would not allow his body to be buried in consecrated ground. Such a pattern of a long face is this same Elf of Fogyism! He always affects sanctity, and pretentiously assumes to be the especial guardian of all that is holy.

Protestanism was struggling for life, in England, and Queen Mary and Bishop Bonner sacrificed a few noble men to the Demon of Fogyism. In time, the High Churchmen became Fogies, and then it was their turn to persecute, and they pounced upon the Dissenters.

At length came the Wesleys, and both churchmen and dissenters persecuted them. But what mischief had John and Charles Wesley done? O, nothing, only they did good by a method of their own; and that is a high crime in the penal code of Fogyism. They had a little Society at Oxford for mutual improvement; and they visited prisons and poor families, to dispense charities and impart religious instruction; but all this was unpardonably "irregular" at that time; it was a step in human progress, and the meddlesome Elf tickled the tongue of slander, and it told lies about the Wesleys; and the dupes of Fogyism believed all that the envenomed tongue of slander told.

The Wesleys took to preaching;—not in churches, in a regular way, as the regular preachers did, but in private houses and the open fields, for the church was closed against them. They taught some novelties of doctrine, and ten thousand people would flock together at one time, to hear them. This alarmed the emissaries of Fogyism; they thought there must be something bad in it, and they invented ingenious modes of persecution. They assailed the field preacher with noisy horns and rowdy jeers, besieged their meeting places, pulled down houses over their heads, and spouted water from engines to drown out their religious zeal. But the Elf of Fogyism grows weaker as the world grows older. In the case of the Wesleys, he failed. The Methodists made their opprobrious name honorable; but the Elf is a wily one, for when he could not quash the innovation, he set about it as usual, to make fogies of the innovators, and at last he succeeded. Leading Methodists—and I am sorry to have to say it—are no longer for innovation and progress, as in the days of John Wesley; they are fogies now, and the ugly Elf is their standard bearer.

In the progress of human events, Spiritualism arose with a power it had seldom or never manifested before. And what is Spiritualism? Simply the belief that spirits can and do communicate with persons still in the flesh. The means of communication are various, the most important of which are by images, writing and speaking. On the day of Pentecost, the spiritual mediums there "spoke with tongues;" and the mediums amongst us at this day, often do the same thing. But the fogies scoffed in the days of the apostles, as they are scoffing still.

Many of our day who have been outraged by the selfishness, sordidness, exclusiveness, aristocracy, profligacy and hypocrisy of the churches in general, had renounced the doctrine of immortality and given themselves to the oblivion of spiritual annihilation. Spiritualism has been a messenger of joy to many of these. It has restored their faith in immortality and "given them a blessed hope of happiness beyond the grave." But the votaries of the Elf, say all this is evil, and Spiritualism a trick of the devil. But here again will their master's work not be done.—Spiritualism is going on to conquer and make glad. Its manifestations are so obvious and demonstrable, that few who investigate are able long to resist the evidence of spiritual agency. Professor Hare, one of the most scientific men of the age, commenced experimenting to prove electricity the agency; but he unexpectedly proved it to be spirits; and now he and his book are converting their thousands. John Boyce Dodds wrote a book to prove that the agency was not spiritual; but now he has renounced his book and become a Spiritualist. The "heresy" of Spiritualism is advancing with a rapidity which is a matter of wonder even to its friends. In some parts of the country, whole congregations are turning from Orthodoxy to Spiritualism, and their churches into temples for free investigation. And thus, the Elf and his coadjutors are foiled, as in the days of the Wesleys. Wesleyism was one step in the pathway of Human Progress; and Spiritualism is another. Progress is the law of the race; but the Elf of Fogyism is infatuated and doomed, and he will persevere to the last in a fruitless war against God, Truth and Progress.

Socialism is another step toward universal harmony and happiness. It is disorganizing and revolutionary, as well as reconstructive; and the Elf becomes unusually rabid. Aspirations for harmony and fraternity, and



practical attempts at realization, reproach the isolation, antagonism, discordance and sordidness of Fogysm in general, and are singularly offensive to the sanctimonious Elf; and he lets loose the asp of calumny to sting and torture the good and brave.

The spirit of Fogysm has been the same in all ages, but the weapons of its warfare are not as effectual now, as in earlier times. Hemlock juice, the cross, fire and fagot, rack, and rod were his agencies of old; but now, they are misrepresentation, calumny, and social outlawry. And why is it that the Elf has to use gentler means than of old? Christians tortured and burned one another to save Christianity. In the name of the Christian religion did they take each others lives. There is constant strife still among the sects; but homicide no more, and why? Simply because the Race is progressing; and in consequence of this very progress which Fogies try to ridicule, the Nineteenth Century enjoys a bliss of freedom the world never knew before. Liberalism is gaining daily; men may think, speak and live true to their highest ideas of right, and none can hinder.

But still lives the Elf of Fogysm, though his dominion is passing away. And the same spirit which induced Aristophanes to ridicule Socrates, and the Athenian Judges to pass sentence of death; the same spirit which induced the Jews to arraign Jesus for breaking the Sabbath, and teaching strange doctrines; the same spirit which burned Huss, Servetus and Latimer in the sacred name of religion, and hung the Quakers; that spirit which brought false accusations against the Wesleys and beset them with mobs;—that very same spirit has actuated our Orthodox brother to ridicule Spiritualism and Human Progress. Had he lived in the days of Jesus Christ, he would have claimed in derision, wagging his head, "Hail, king of the Jews!" He would have done the bidding of the chief priests and elders and cried out with the multitude, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

#### A Flower from A. B. Child's "Boquet."

O, open ye the gates of beauty,  
Let the rays of truth shine in;  
Wide unfold the path of duty,  
Love shall reign in place of sin.

Come and dwell in heaven's own mansion,  
Dwell with spirits round the throne;  
Light shall burst upon thy sorrow,  
Doubting wanderers, come! O, come!

Thus far have we wandered together; thus far have we gathered life's roses and twined them in blooming wreaths to soften the aching brows of many. Thus far have we sailed together adown the stream of life, and the little ripples that bore our bark along were music to our ears. Not always have we sailed with the tide and the breeze. There have been moments when the mist of error has come across our path, and our bark was stationed for awhile; but hope dropped her golden anchor, and we waited the sunshine of truth again to shine through the mist, and then we went sailing onward. Thus far have we progressed; and now to a point of beauty I have ushered thee, whence we can go on together to higher truths, where we can listen to deeper melody that comes from the harmonious music of God's kingdom.

We are all music notes in the great harmony of life, and each one goes to fill the melody of time. Some rest upon the music staff in the higher grade, others are below, while many fill the intermediate spaces.

But he that reads the whole and glances o'er the page, loves the low tone as well as the higher. It was not God's melody or his design to follow one tone throughout successive measures, but that each and all may bear a part.

Yes, we will pass home together. O, how we will catch the living beauties that shine forth from our God, and fasten them around the brow like beauteous coronets that we have gathered from his beams.—And they beneath shall look on us, and learn through us of God. For every form of life that dwells must have a brighter light, and every gradation of mind has its attending God. We mean according as we shine for him and beam from him, we are for that time the God for the lesser.

We have the glowing, blazing sun for day, the paler moon for night; and so does intellect range from low to high, and high to low; they have a corresponding light to shine for them. Bright sun for the day, stars for the eventide, and the gentle moon for the midnight.

Shine forth, dear one, on forms thou wouldst gather to his eternal king-

dom in all these gradations of blazonry. If thou art whispering to one whose boundary of mind is narrow and whose soul is small, show unto him a few faint stars, and let his eye accustomed look from little stars to moons, and then to suns of light; blind him not with too bright rays.

From the Portland Transcript.

#### Joan of Arc.

Joan was born in 1411, the daughter of a poor peasant in the province of Lorraine. She was taught to sew and spin, but not to read and write, and to the last of her career she could not sign her own immortal name. She was a gentle, beautiful, bashful child, deeply imbued with religious feelings. Her religion was the concrete Romanism of the time, and was learned at her mother's knee. This religious teaching instilled into her soul, became the life of her whole being. She lived in an internal world peopled with saints and angels, and this inward life became dearer and nearer than her outward existence. She was a poet as well as a devotee, and the greatest that France ever had. She was indifferent to the pastimes of youth, and spent much time in prayer to St. Catharine and St. Margaret. The disturbed state of her country kindled her devotion into a flame of self-devoted patriotism. Her internal world became endowed with external existence, and her visions pushed themselves into voices, and shapes, visible to her entranced eyes. The sense saw what the soul wished. At thirteen years, walking in her father's garden, she heard the voice of the Archangel Michael calling upon her to go to the succor of the king. Then came voices naming her the deliverer of France. No historian doubts her faith in the reality of what she saw. The most modest and bashful of women, she resisted long this inward impulse. The news of the siege of Orleans, at last decided her.

Then commenced that course of entreaty with the Governor, which at last forced his common sense to yield to the persistency of that sense which is not common. She was permitted to go to the Dauphin at Chalons, 150 leagues, through a country occupied by the enemy. She detected the disguised Dauphin, told him he was the true heir and assured him Heaven had sent her to see him crowned in the city of Rheims. After much hesitation her aid was accepted. Her work now was to relieve Orleans and to see the Dauphin crowned in the city of Rheims, then in the hands of the English. Her inspired earnestness spread enthusiasm around, and many believed in her powers. She was hailed as a saint. She reformed the army—converting the soldiers from marauders into crusaders, and changing the camp into a camp meeting. Her name went before her, and fought her battles in the armies of the English. It was a superstitious age, and they said if she is of God, it is impious to fight against her, if of the Devil, how can we prevail against all France backed by Satanic powers. With 200 men she entered the city, without opposition from the English. Great was the joy of the besieged. Religious ceremonies were performed, and then came the attack. Her military skill consisted only in resolution and audacity. She mounted the walls of the English forts, and though struck down by an arrow, she again ascended, and struck terror into the English, who thought her dead. They began to see visions in their turn, and declared that St. Michael appeared in the air cheering on the French. In seven days the English burned their forts, raised the siege and retreated. Two months after, Rheims opened its gates, and the king was crowned. Joan's task was done—her vision accomplished. She asked to be allowed to return to her mother and the care of her flocks. Policy dictated a refusal, and she was still retained to sustain the cause she had saved. The only reward she asked was that her native village might not be taxed, which it was not for 300 years. But she no longer felt she was doing the work of God, and her heart was not in the work. The saint was sinking into the soldier, when she was saved by captivity. She was taken prisoner by a Burgundian soldier, and sold to the English for 10,000 livres. Their joy knew no bounds. The hated "Witch" was at last in their hands, and they prepared to glut their vengeance. Charged with heresy and sorcery, she fell into the hands of theological wolves and foxes, who exerted all the malice and ingenuity of their mean natures to entrap her, without success. Her simplicity and truthfulness evaded all their snares. Having persecuted her from a heretic to a Catholic, these infamous creatures persecuted her back again from a Catholic to heretic, that they might condemn her to the stake. She was burned in the city of Rouen on the 10th of May, 1431.

Thus was consummated one of the darkest crimes recorded on the pages



of history, which, as it blazons on the eye, across the interval of four centuries, throws a lurid glare of infamy on the names of those who perpetrated it.

Such beautiful simplicity, such angelic devotion, was never before nor never hereafter, will be witnessed on earth. Victorious over persecution, peerless among patriots, noblest among women, the name of Joan of Arc will perish not so long as beauty, devotion and goodness shall be cherished among men,

### The Progress of Spiritualism in Cleveland.

We are allowed to make the following extract of a letter from J. B. CONKLIN, to a friend in this city, dated

CLEVELAND, March 3d, 1856.

"I know you will be glad to hear from me, and to learn that I am doing well, both spiritually and temporally.

I have as much as I can possibly attend to, with a fair prospect of continuing. To-day I have had given through me twenty-six different communications, from different spirits, to different persons, each signing its name. My circles are full all the while. Last evening I should think there were as many as fifty persons in the room at one time. Of course they could not all have a chance to ask questions; but twelve of them did, and all were satisfied.

"I have been in Cleveland but four days, during which time one hundred persons (seventy-five of whom were decided skeptics) have had an opportunity to try the spirits, and have done so, and were satisfied that there was more intelligence manifested in the simple table tipping, than was ever dreamed of in their philosophy.

"I have been particular in keeping a correct account of the numbers and opinions of all who have investigated; and I have been informed by those who know, that the class of minds which the spirits have had to deal with, through me, have been those who heretofore ridiculed spiritualism, and who never before could be persuaded to investigate. All of these, without one exception, have, to my personal knowledge, had the idea of *NUMBIA* knocked into oblivion, to be applied to spiritualism by them no more forever. Is not this good news?

"There is a great excitement here; and I see that I shall be the instrument of doing the cause much good, in this place. I shall probably stay here about two weeks longer."

### Formative Power of Spirits.

We find the following ideas, on this subject, in a communication to the *Spiritual Telegraph*, from Norfolk, Va.:

I would suggest a few thoughts or "impressions," in relation to the interesting subject of the power of spirits, to attract physical atoms that exist in "solution" in the atmosphere, and thereby form hands, etc., tangible to the perceptions of our external senses. It has for a long time been well known among physicians and chemists, that the human organism daily evaporates a considerable quantity of "material" into the surrounding atmosphere. That the atmosphere contains, and daily acts as the *conductor* of, invisible particles, may be readily inferred from the very numerous phenomena which are not seen by the casual observer. For instance, a steel magnet will attract from a body of iron infinitesimal particles, until the quantity deposited becomes visible. The oyster will, in the course of a few months, extract from water, enough lime to form a large shell. A current of cold air may condense invisible vapor into a heavy shower. I have seen a cloud in ten minutes form in an apparently clear atmosphere, and "precipitate" a shower from which I filled two 100 gallon casks of water. That a spirit may attract to itself particles, such as once composed its permanent outside sheathing, I can readily believe, according to the chemical discovery long since made, that negative particles are attracted by their positive counterparts. We all know that the atmosphere of a tight room, filled with healthy and active physical organizations of the human species, must, in a short time, become abundantly laden with the constituent elements already advanced to a stage in which we may suppose that they would instantly obey the attractive power of a mind

occupying a position in affinity, yet positive, to them. This view is farther strengthened by the fact, that the particles invisibly evaporated through the brain and surface of the body, are not the waste or refuse material, (which pass off by another process,) but the really refined substances evolved through the incessant action of every physical and mental function. I am not very extensively acquainted with the derivation of words and technical terms, but I am strongly "impressed" that the component parts of the word "atmosphere" will be found to signify in the original, a *sphere* (or fluid) of atoms.

The suggestion I now wish to lay before "circles" is, that any number of healthy persons may, by frequently meeting in a small room, sufficiently tight, present the spirits with the required "elements" and conditions for the formation of hands, faces, etc.; and to our friend who writes from Lavaca, Texas, inquiring the meaning of the "black hand" seen at his house, I would suggest that some one of his former "negro" acquaintances was at the moment enjoying the bliss offered by that opportunity, to convey some evidence not only of immortality in general, but of the progressive immortality of "negroes" in particular. The "black hand" also presents another fact, that its originator was in closer affinity with the "emanations" in the room, than some of the departed white relatives; hence a black instead of a white hand.

Yours fraternally,

W. H. L.

### The Law of Libel.

It has been affirmed by many who are opposed to the law of libel, that it has the effect to abridge the liberty of the press and the liberty of speech. This is true, but not more true than that the whole criminal code abridges the privilege of action. If there were but one man in the world, he would be subject to no conventional laws. If there were two and no more, neither could do the other injury by slander or libel. But now that there are so many, each having an important interest in the good opinion of the multitude, slander and libel are dangerous weapons in the hands of one who would willingly injure another whom he hates; and the law which protects the latter against those moral weapons, is as necessary to his safety as that which protects him against the skeleton key, the torch and the stiletto. It is said that the man who constantly walks in the straight path of righteousness, has nothing to fear from the tongue of slander or the pen of libel. It is our opinion, however, that the innocent feel the wounds of calumny much more sensibly than the guilty feel the lash of merited censure. It is for the protection of the innocent that the law of libel is retained, in its modified form, as part of our American system of jurisprudence.

Though good in its design and wholesome in its operation, when administered for the protection of the innocent, it is probably more abused than any other law in our civil code. The moral delinquent who possesses much money, resorts to this law to shield himself against the just penalties of another law, which is the most salutary of all laws by which communities are governed—the unwritten law of public sentiment. There are crimes against the law of public sentiment, which may not be reached by any process or penalty of the civil code. Every community is a court organized under this most wholesome law, and the public press is its executive officer. When any man or set of men infringe this law, it is the duty of the press to arraign them and have them tried. And although the guilty culprit may evade all the penalties of the civil code, he cannot escape the punishment meted out by the law of public sentiment, whilst the press remains unmuzzled. The certainty of punishment which characterizes the great court of public sentiment, is well known to all moral delinquents, and therefore it is that they are ever ready to put on the armor of the law of libel, to avoid arraignment at that just tribunal.

The law of libel forbids the truth to be written of a culprit, unless it be for some good purpose or justifiable end. This, in its true spirit, is good. If a man have violated the law by the commission of crime, and have been convicted and punished for that violation, he has expiated his offence, justice is satisfied, the account is balanced between him



and the community, and he is not to be punished again for the same offence. Therefore it is made criminal for any man to write and publish the fact that he has been an inmate of the state prison; and the law of libel will punish any one who does so. This is right and just, for such writing and publishing is a second arraignment for an offence which he has expiated. If we write and publish that a man has been guilty of larceny, we may attempt to justify it by proving the truth of our charge. But if it turn out that he committed the alleged offence when he was a mere child, and that moral turpitude cannot be proved against him since he arrived at manhood, the truth of the allegation will be no justification, and the law of libel will justly punish us for it, though the offence was never expiated by punishment. If a man have been a drunkard for many years, and have been often found wallowing in the filth of the gutter, and he reform and become a sober man and a good citizen, his own sufferings and shame have punished him sufficiently, the community have pardoned his moral delinquency, and we must not write and publish the truth in relation to his former disreputable conduct, because there is no good motive or justifiable end which we can have in view, and the law of libel will justly and properly shield him and punish us.

If we ridicule a person for having a hump on his back, or any other natural deformity, we attempt to punish him for that which he could not avoid and cannot mend, and the law of libel will shield him against such malicious attacks. It is hard enough for the person thus afflicted to endure the affliction, without being made a subject of public ridicule by a publisher of a newspaper.

In all these things the law of libel is necessary to the well being of the community, exercises a salutary restraint upon licentiousness, and encourages and promotes moral reform. But when it is resorted to for the purpose of preventing arraignment at the bar of public opinion, for those many moral delinquencies which the penalties of the civil code cannot reach, it becomes a shield to offenders and an intolerable nuisance to the community. Frequently when a moral culprit is properly arraigned by the press for an outrage upon the proprieties of life, which cannot be punished by the civil code, the law of libel is resorted to in a spirit of vindictiveness, and he who properly arraigns the culprit, is himself arraigned at the bar of a court of law, where he is sure to be punished by the loss of time, the cost of attorney's fees and all the perplexities of litigation, because the moral culprit depends on his money to gag the press and stifle public sentiment. Grand juries are too ready to find bills of indictment in such cases, depending on the traverse jury to do justice to the parties, which, in all such cases, it must fail to do, because it has not the power to compensate those thus maliciously prosecuted, for the loss of time and expenses. Courts and juries cannot be too circumspect in keeping this sharp instrument from being used in defence of those who outrage the proprieties and decencies of life, and from cutting down those whose duty it is to enforce the law of public sentiment against transgressors.

#### Startling Ignorance.

The Baltimore "Patriot" has the following with reference to the state of education in Maryland. Too long has Maryland been remiss in providing for the intellectual wants of the poorer classes of her population; and to prove this beyond controversy, we propose to recapitulate a few startling facts.

There are within the limits of the state, according to the last census, seventeen thousand four hundred and fifty-one foreigners—making in the aggregate twenty thousand eight hundred and fifteen persons—who can neither read nor write. Scattered over eight counties of the State, with an average white population of about eight thousand, there are, but fourteen public schools averaging about thirty-four pupils to each school. There are, of course some private schools in these counties, but the entire number of children attending school at all, does not average more than one child to each family of seven persons.

The head of every third family throughout the whole State can neither read nor write. More than ten thousand men exercise the right of suffrage in Maryland who are utterly unable even to read the names of the candidates for whom they vote.

#### Would I were a Moonbeam.

Oh! would I were a moonbeam,  
All beautiful and bright,  
Stealing from the diadem  
That crowns the brow of night.  
I'd roam in radiant beauty  
With Mercury and Mars,  
And sport in playful fancy  
With bright and twinkling stars.  
Then I would dance right merry  
Within the lover's bowers;  
Every care I'd chase away  
That blights their youthful hours;  
I'd light the poor man's cottage,—  
The prisoner's gloomy cell,—  
To cheer their drooping spirits,  
And seek their grief to quell.

I'd hie me to the battle  
Where rages war and strife,  
Where man for petty power  
Will seek his brother's life,  
And strive to gain bright laurels  
From North to sunny South,  
By "seeking reputation  
E'en in the cannon's mouth."  
I'd visit the sick chamber,  
Though desolate and lone,  
Where comfort is a stranger,  
And gas light never shone;  
I'd light the drear apartment  
With glowing, heavenly cheer,  
Though it were dimmed with sorrow,  
And with affliction's tear.

O! would I were a moonbeam!  
While others slept, I'd rove,  
And bathe the earth in beauty,  
The hill-side, tower, and grove;  
Upon all tribes and nations  
I'd shine, till opening day,  
Advancing with its blazing light,  
Should steal my power away.

FRANK GRAHAM.

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REFERENCES.—Buffalo: Stephen Albro, Capt. A. Walker, R. H. Stevens, Esq., Col. J. W. Phillips, Dr. N. H. Warner, C. C. Bristol, Stephen Dudley.  
Buffalo March 1, 1856. 73 tf.

#### SPIRIT MINSTREL.

A new supply just received at the Literary Depot, Post Office.

T. S. HAKWS.

Nov. 9 1855.

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